

# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



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## SPECIAL ARTICLES :

Chulwon Farmer's Institute

Miss Cordelia Erwin

The Dragons of Yuchumsa

William Scott

A Vision Realized

Miss Lulu A. Miller

At the Soonchun Leper Colony

Mrs. B. W. Billings

A Soul Saved

Lion K. Jung

MARCH, 1929.

SEOUL, KOREA.





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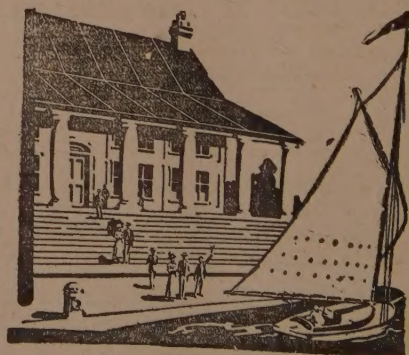
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SUMMER RESORT AT MOUNT CHIRI



THE CHULWON FARMER'S INSTITUTE



# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

## A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

Issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1929

No. 3

### An Incident of Pure Religion

MRS. W. J. ANDERSON

THE WORDS OF ISAIAH, "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways", could not have been more strikingly verified than in the death of the Rev. Kim Yung Kyu last spring. He had been pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Seoul, for six years, and a most effective teacher in the Pierson Memorial Bible School for several terms. He was in constant demand for Bible classes, prayer retreats, and special evangelistic services.

Humanly speaking we would not have thought that he could be spared from the Korean church here in Seoul, and no one could understand why a life so full of influence and power should have been ended so unexpectedly. And yet as the months have passed the influence of his life has been manifested in many ways, and the working of God's hand has been evidenced in the events which have followed his death.

Kim Moksa ("Pastor") had studied for several years in Japan, taking some college work, his seminary course, and a year of post-graduate study there. During that time he had received help from a Christian Japanese gentleman who had proved a true friend to him. At the time of Kim Moksa's death he was in the midst of preparing to go to America for further study. This Japanese friend had promised to care for the family, which consisted of the wife and four children,

for the three years while Kim Moksa should be in America. When he learned of Kim Moksa's death he said at once that he would give this help to the family for that period of time just the same.

The people in the church and other friends were most helpful to Mrs. Kim in the trying days which followed and especially in the summer when another little son was born. This fall a house was built for her out in a village near the city.

Recently this Japanese friend came here to Seoul to see how Mrs. Kim and her family were getting along. He told her that he had promised to help her for the three years, but that now he intended to help her as long as she needed it in educating her family, and when he learned that the daughter was making the long trip of several miles back and forth to school every day, he said he would give ten yen more each month to enable her to stay in the dormitory of the Mission school she was attending. In addition to this he has promised to help through Seminary a very fine young man whom Kim Moksa had recommended to him some time before his death.

This striking incident of James' definition of "Pure religion" has made a great impression on all who know about it, and is helping in a wonderful way to carry on the spirit and life of Kim Moksa.



# A Visit to some Korean Churches in North Manchuria

LLOYD P. HENDERSON

**T**HOUGH A PERSON living in South Manchuria may feel detached and isolated from Korea, he has only to go north as far as Harbin to realize how completely the Koreans in North Manchuria are cut off from their homeland. Many of them have never seen their native land. As one Korean gentleman said, "We Koreans in this region are one-half Russian, one-half Chinese, and the rest Korean." So after seven years of wandering over certain areas of South Manchuria, it was a novel experience to see with my own eyes the conditions among the Koreans in North Kirin Province, where Korean dress is forbidden by the Chinese authorities, and Korean words are so garbled and mixed with Russian and Chinese that the speaker is often unconscious that he is not speaking his native language.

Until about two years ago these circuits of Presbyterian churches were either under the wing of the Siberia Presbytery or of a Korean Presbytery as a home mission field. The demise of the Siberia Presbytery brought several circuits under the jurisdiction of the South Manchuria Presbytery. Mr. Cook made a visit to some of these churches in the spring of 1927. At the repeated invitation from the north, Mr. Cook and I left Mukden early in October for a month of itineration among four circuits of churches in Mok-neung, Tong-neung, and Mil-san counties near the Russian border north of Vladivostok. We planned to itinerate together most of the time and so took only one boy to cook for the two of us. As it came to pass, we were together only two days and then parted to cover more ground. The boy could easily have been dispensed with as, in the district I travelled, it proved to be necessary to discard my baggage, go afoot, and eat the food the inns offered.

The day in Harbin was interesting. To wander about in Pristan, the Russian city, and see the European shops, and ride in buses filled with people of the Caucasian race made one feel, except for the strange language, that he had descended suddenly into a corner of his own country. Harbin has grown in twenty-five years from a village considered to be of too little importance to warrant a mission station to be a city of about half a million people, of whom about sixty thousand are Russians. The Chinese city is much like the miles of shops in Mukden or Peking; Pristan has a foreign appearance; and in Novii-gorod, "New Town", up on the hill, one could easily forget that he was in China. Along the river front the busy unloading of barges and shallow-draft steamboats indicates that Harbin has become no mean trading center.

On October 12th at 9:50 A. M. we boarded the Chinese Eastern train for Vladivostok, travelled all day through thickly-wooded, mountainous country, and at 3:30 the next morning in the pitch dark and a cold drizzle of rain we were met at Mulin station by eight Korean Christians. Each man took a piece of luggage on his shoulder and in the flickering light of two lanterns we marched through thick mud for a mile to the house where we were to lodge. Later the police came to investigate our passports. It was Saturday, and at first they forbade the Christians to assemble, saying there was no custom of holding church on Saturday. Finally, we were allowed to send a written request to hold two services in the church, and this the head officer granted as a special favor. Two Chinese police attended, sitting on benches in the rear of the small building. We later found the cause of their fears. The building had for a



## A VISIT TO SOME KOREAN CHURCHES IN NORTH MANCHURIA

time been used to dispense communistic propaganda. As one man said to us. "In the building where they once met to declare there is no God, we now meet to worship Him."

It was curious to note a reversion to type on the part of our host. His house had been bought from a Russian ten years before. All that time he had lived in it with his wife, cooking on a Russian brick stove. Just this year he had built a Korean style house in the yard with the standard heated floor, low door, and thatched roof. "It suits us better," was his explanation. This man owns his house, rice-fields, horses and cart, and in the small plot of ground in front of his house has raspberry and strawberry plants which netted him eighty yen this last season. He talks Chinese and Russian, has both for neighbors, wears both Chinese and Russian clothes, has become a Chinese citizen,—yet he is thoroughly Korean at heart.

Sunday morning Mr. Cook and I parted company, he to go to Mok-neung-hyun, and I to the Korean church at Ma-kyo-ha, "Horse-bridge-river." Most of the Koreans in this church had never seen a missionary. The boys and girls snickered to hear a white man talk Korean, but in a few minutes I was quite flattered to see that they realized I was talking their own language. That afternoon the church officers honored me with a Russian meal prepared by a Korean man who had been for a time in a well-to-do Russian household. Rich vegetable soup, french-fried potatoes around a thick beefsteak with a poached egg on top, bread, dill-pickles, rusks and tea,—this was the menu. As I finished they brought in Korean rice and soup for fear I had not been satisfied, but I declined. Enough was enough.

The next morning we arose early and walked without breakfast four miles to the railroad station. On this branch line my seat-mate was a Chinese who had for several years been employed by American mining engineers in Nikolsk. Most of the English words he remembered would not look well if repeated

here. At Li-su-chen, the terminus of the railroad, some ravenous Chinese inn-runners seized my baggage and led us in pouring rain to a large, smoky inn in an enclosure a hundred yards square. The next day we were unable to hire a cart for the journey inland, so we decided to move into the house of a Christian Korean and await developments. That night we held a brief service with two households. Our host was an old man who has six sons living with him, all of whom seemed indifferent or hostile to the church, and imbued with bolshevist ideas. The father is a staunch believer. The Korean pastor said to me, "I get a blessing from this old man every time I come here." That night four of us men slept in his "upper" room five by nine feet,—all the floor space was utilized.

The next day we hired a cart from a weather-beaten Chinese farmer who had lived through sixty-three Manchurian winters. He was going home and would take us the 160 *li* for fifty-five dollars. Others had demanded \$120.00. An old Korean woman had attached herself to our party. She occupied the center of the cart. After climbing on the cart once or twice and observing that when we got on, the horses stalled in the mud, we three men resigned in favor of the Korean grandmother and walked. Mil-san county is a wilderness of black loam,—no doubt excellent for farming but unsuited for surfacing roads. The ruts were bottomless. Our speed was fifteen miles per day.

In the inn the first night the Chinese police quizzed me carefully, took my cards twice, and in the middle of the night the head of the police came to interview me. We exchanged cards, he professed himself to be friendly to the Christian Church, and his friendliness seemed to be the password the balance of the journey, as we were not again hindered by officials. The third day we waded through the mud to a town where lives a Christian Chinese blacksmith who until fifteen years ago had been a deacon in the church in Kirin City. He welcomed us, put us



in his inner room, prepared a hearty supper for us, and after supper prayed and sang hymns in Chinese as we joined in Korean. His sons went about the town gathering former Christians and Chinese friendly to the church to greet me. They told me that I was the first foreign missionary who had come to that town.

The cart was to go no further, and as we could not hire another we left my luggage in the deacon's house and set off to walk the twenty miles to Sin-syung-chon, "Faithful-holy-village", where there is a community of sixty Christian families, nearly four hundred souls, living on a knoll above the reach of flood waters in the midst of a plain, almost a marsh about seventy miles in diameter. In September torrents of rain had flooded a great area, and although most of the rice was undamaged by the water, myriads of wild ducks and geese had settled down to live on the rich fields of rice. Many farmers had lost a quarter to a half of the total crop.

Never have I been more kindly received and hospitably treated than by these people. I was the first non-Russian white man many of them had seen. Most of them are farmers who crossed over from Siberia into Chinese territory in recent years because of the Russian persecution of the Christian Church. Tall, upstanding fellows many of them are, wearing the trousers and belted blouse of the Russian farmer. Of three hundred men and women in the church on Sunday morning I could see only two who wore Korean dress. The Christians built the church with their own hands, a building about 25 by 50 feet with mud walls fully three feet thick to withstand the cold winters. Even though lumber is cheap and benches could easily be made, they seem to prefer to sit on the floor and tuck their feet under them for warmth. At the afternoon service a new elder was elected. He is an able chap, formerly an evangelist to the Koreans in Siberia. Now, though on a small salary as a school teacher, he is devoting his time and energy to the young people's

work in his own church and in all the churches of that circuit to combat the anti-Christian influences threatening to divorce the young people from the Church.

On Monday impassable roads, lack of conveyances, and the sickness of the Korean pastor who was my companion prevented me from pressing on 70 *li* to Mil-san-hyun, the county seat. So was thwarted my ambition of laying eyes on the great stretch of fresh water, Hing-kai-hu, a great lake fringed with pine trees, and swarming with fish. Near the Russian boundary is a small Korean church in a place the Chinese have come to call the "Jesus Village" as there have been Christians living there for over twenty years. With almost no pastoral care a faithful remnant has carried on, and the name is fixed.

On Tuesday we started on foot for a church 15 miles away near the base of a round knob called "Big Kettle Mountain." The mountain was visible and one would think it impossible to lose the way, yet even our guide became confused in the swampy paths we followed. As the darkness fell we still had five miles to go. No houses were in sight. There was moonlight, but if we lost our way in broad daylight how could we find it in the dark. Soon we were thoroughly lost and splashing about this direction and that in water sometimes to our knees. Occasionally a flock of frightened geese would whirl away with a cry of alarm. We must have disturbed hundreds of them in the narrow path we travelled.

After two hours of thrashing about hopelessly in the mud and slime we came to a Chinese house. We could not expect that they would shelter us but they might direct our way. But they saw only a chance to make a little money and demanded five dollars to lead us to the Korean village. Our leader said he would go on in the dark before he would pay such a price. So on we went, and to our joy found we were within a quarter of a mile of our destination. Soon our wet clothes were changed and we were seated on hot floors to drive the chill from our bodies.



## A VISIT TO SOME KOREAN CHURCHES IN NORTH MANCHURIA

Some steaming rice and chicken soup completed the work of restoration. My Korean friends assured me that the night's experience would always make a good sermon illustration when I got back to South Manchuria. One old elder said to me, "You certainly gave the wild ducks and geese a lot of anxiety to-night." I had not been so concerned over their anxiety as I had at the prospect of spending the night in the swamp.

We had a good day of fellowship with the Christians at this church and left them the third day, asking only for a guide to lead us to the next town. When we had come a part of the way the young man leading us confessed he did not know the road. This was tragedy, but we could not go back. So we quickened our step, stopped only half an hour at midday to munch cakes and drink tea, and hurried on lest dark overtake us in the marsh. By much asking we found our way, and got to a Korean settlement just as night settled down over the plain. After supper they asked that we hold a service, so between nine and ten we sang and prayed, and I spoke briefly on the text, "Consider Jesus", which in Korean is, "Think deeply about Jesus." A few unbelievers had wandered into the meeting, and I prayed that they might be touched.

From this place I felt as if I were heading for home although it would actually take ten days to get there. Two days of uneventful cart travel brought us to the railroad again. The cart we hired was to have no other load in order that we might travel fast. But the carter seeing that my luggage was light loaded on 20 bean cakes each weighing 30 pounds, and about two hundred pounds of straw. The straw made a softer seat but reduced the speed,—consequently we walked most of the way. On this interior journey I had walked 150 miles, had eaten nothing but Chinese and Korean food, and a thousand times had heard myself called Lao-mao tzu, "Old-Woobly", the common term the Chinese apply to the Russians, or "foreign-devil," or "Big-nose." All through this region, newly settled by

Chinese pioneers, I found the people kindly disposed to me when they found I was an American. Some how they had formed the idea that the United States is China's friend. This was of more value to me than my passport, which few of the soldiers could decipher.

My last Sunday was spent in an older and more settled church at Pal-myun-tong, a town which is to become the county seat. The Korean church here is twenty years old, has two hundred members, owns the church and manse, and the members are all landowners and Chinese citizens. Their reception was cordial, and they urged me to stay on Monday for a feast and an evening service in the church. The Korean pastor who has suffered various trials in his two years in his new field said to me that day, "It is true that as the hardships of the Lord's servant increase, the love and zeal of the Christians he serves become the warmer."

The Koreans in North Kirin Province have come through persecution and suffering, but by rough estimate there are 1,500 to 2,000 Christians in five circuits at present shepherded by four Korean pastors. Besides these there are great unevangelized areas where thousands of Koreans have scattered in their search for homes and farming lands. We went to them just as the great rice crop was being harvested. There is a more valuable harvest waiting to be gathered, a spiritual harvest for the few reapers there to bring it in. This region gives promise of becoming one of the richest sections of all Manchuria. Timber, coal, and fertile land are there in abundance. No less bright are the prospects for the Korean Church. As I listened to the experiences of the Christians it seemed fitting to say of them, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

Other itinerators will testify also that their feet grow wings on the home stretch. On November fifth the carter roused us at 2:30 A. M. There remained 55 li of the road from Mukdenking. Impatiently I stayed on



the slow-moving cart till daybreak, then left it behind to walk the last thirteen miles and surprise my waiting family. It was good to be home again. Our gracious Father had kept

in safety both the travellers in a far country and those left behind in an almost depopulated mission station.

## Korea Missions Year Book

(KOREA MISSIONS YEAR BOOK, 1928. Issued under the direction of the Federal Council of Missions in Korea. Edited by F.E.C. WILLIAMS and GERALD BONWICK. Seoul; Christian Literature Society. \$ 1. ₩ 1,75.)

D. WILLARD LYON, SHANGHAI

**F**ACTS REGARDING the progress of Christian missions in Korea have in the past been published in connexion with an annual volume issued in Japan under the title of *The Christian Movement in Japan, Korea and Formosa*. Not until now has the Federal Council of Missions in Korea felt justified in attempting a separate volume. Its appearance is, therefore, a notable event.

The material in this volume is arranged in the main according to missions, which automatically makes it largely a geographical arrangement, for the territory has by mutual agreement been allocated to the various missions in such a manner as to result in little overlapping. Each article is signed by some member of the mission with which it deals.

Certain minor faults in the book may be dismissed with a brief reference. The map which serves to help the reader to locate mission stations is small and omits at least two stations, namely, Chulwon and Kyumasan. Since Sorai Beach, though not a mission station, is mentioned several times as being a summer resting-place for missionaries, one wishes that its location had also been indicated. The spelling of geographical names in the map varies somewhat from that in the text. For example, the map gives north and south 'Choong Chong,' whereas the text spells the second word 'Chung'; in several of the provinces the map contains the word 'Kyung,' whereas the text spells it sometimes 'Kyeng' and sometimes 'Kyeung'; the map reads 'Soonchin,' while the text reads Soonchun.'

One is disappointed to find that, beyond incidental references, nothing whatever is said

about the organization whose enterprise has led to the publication of the book. Readers outside Korea will surely ask, What is the 'Federal Council'? How did it come into existence? How is it organized? What are its functions? It is also a disappointment to find no reference to the Korean National Christian Council, which came into being in 1924. Except for a brief 'general survey,' which is largely statistical, the book does not contain a single comprehensive article on a major issue. One looks in vain, for instance, for a review of the successes and failures of the so-called Korean policy in mission administration; or for a fresh report on the relations between Government and missions, or for a statement of the trends of Korean thought during recent months, or for a summary of the chief problems which confront the Korean Church to-day. One cannot but ask, Why in the entire book is there no article signed by a Korean?

The Year Book for 1928 will make a useful guide to those who wish to know the details of work in individual missions. It also contains a complete directory of missionaries (which could have been made more useful if an alphabetical index of their names had also been supplied). The book is packed full of isolated facts, which are set forth in interesting fashion; as a catalogue of missionary work in Korea it is well made; but only a student skilled in research will be able from it to deduce the real status of the Christian enterprise in Korea, or to discern the main trends of thought of the Korean Christians.

(Reprinted from the International Review of Missions, Jan. 1929.)



# Chulwon Farmer's Institute

MISS CORDELIA ERWIN

*"Bear ye one another's burden and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Paul.*

**K**OREA'S PROBLEMS are my problems, Korea's joys are my joys, Korea's sorrows are my sorrows. That Korea may have the "Abundant Life" Jesus offered, is the burden of my prayer, and the goal towards which I have set my face. More and more the burden of all talk among the Koreans is economics. More and more the idea of a *Farmer's Institute* has fixed itself in my mind and heart.

Last September during Federal Council I enlisted the sympathy and help of Mr. N. D. Lutz of the agricultural department of Pyongyang Union Christian College. The next problem was how to finance the undertaking. It would be absolutely necessary to meet the travel and accommodation expense of the teachers. I resolved to assume Mr. Lutz's expenses and took to my Korean associates the matter of the expenses of Mr. Lutz's assistant, Mr. Kim Sang-Kun. I found them most eager to cooperate. Early in October when our District Conference met, a *Farmer's Union* was organized among the Christians, with the District Superintendent as the chairman, and my personal helper as secretary. From the very first the greatest interest was manifest in Mr. Lutz's approaching visit and class. This *Union* was most glad and happy to take care of Mr. Kim Sang Kun's expenses.

Announcements went out to all our circuit pastors, inviting the farmers to come in to an *Eight Day Farmer's Institute*. All the plans, announcements, invitations, and atmosphere were about the same as at a big Bible Class. The bulk of attendance was Christian, but the others were made to feel *just as welcome*. They seemed to enjoy it just as much and went away with a much friendlier feeling towards Christianity, while a number of decisions to accept Christ were made at the Sunday service. We provided

the fuel, lights, and (*kimchi*) the guests in the dormitory provided the rice, other food, and other expense.

When I was quite satisfied in my own mind that Mr. Lee Suk Won, our District Superintendent, was as much interested in this as I was and that he wanted to accomplish the same ends, I stepped in the background and let him take the lead. I wanted them to feel that it was theirs, that they could run it—better than I could. I remained in the capacity of adviser. I am keen for the nationals to take the lead. I pulled, pushed, or cajoled as need be to keep going.

December 26,—January 3rd, was the date set. About the first of December a policeman appeared at the door and wanted to know if I had a permit from the Governor for this institute. Since I did not have to secure them for other classes, I had not thought it necessary for this one. "How must I go about it?" The past history of Mr. Lutz and Mr. Kim in writing was the big thing, and I wrote for this post haste. I sent their written histories to the Governor with a request, and the coveted permit came.

Ten days before the time set for us to begin I received word from Pyengyang that Mr. Lutz was very ill and it would be impossible for him to come.

Immediately I went to Seoul to find help, because I could not call it off then. I found the "Y" forces are prepared to help the churches put on Farmers' Institutes. They are training and pay the salaries of institute teachers, yet any church may call on them and only pay travel and provide accommodation. When I left Seoul, I had the promise of Mr. Gordon Avison on cooperation, Mr. Bunce on bee-keeping and pig-raising, Mr. Lee Sung Kee on chickens, and Mr. Lee Ke-



Tai on methods, and Mr. Hong Pyeng Sun on Denmark farming.

A telegram to Pyengyang brought the good news that Mr. Kim Sang Kun would come (and also come prepared to teach some of the subjects that Mr. Lutz had expected to take): and more good news, that a Mr. Oh Chung Soo, recently graduated from Boston School of Technology was available and had one or two suitable lectures (he proved a great addition to the class). However, the great bulk of the teaching was done by Mr. Kim Sang Kun, who measured up to our standards in every way. He seemed never to tire and his supply of information could not be exhausted. He taught morning, afternoon, and night under a perpetual rapid fire of questions. Soils and soil-testing, seeds and seed selection, fertilizers, legumes, farming methods are a few of the many things he taught.

Before the institute opened the Farmer's Union selected ready scribes who took notes on all that was taught—these were immediately mimeographed and on the closing night these notes were sold for 15 sen per copy. These may be had while they last from Rev. Roy Price, Chulwon, Korea.

One day they came to our orchard for a practical lesson on this subject and halted by one of the houses for a picture. We scheduled the more technical subjects, such as Mr. Kim gave, for the day classes and the general subjects for the evening meetings. The opening night Mr. Hong gave his observations on Denmark, very practical and helpful. Mr. Bunce on bee-keeping was especially fine one night. Mr. Lee Sung Kee on chickens was very good. A high point was reached one night by the sane way Mr. Oh presented his impressions of America. The regular class attendance was 100, and the evening meetings were so crowded that the boys had to be turned away, the attendance numbering about 300.

The police forbad all sorts of meetings on New Year's day; so we lost that day—in-

formal get-acquainted meetings were the order of the day, with reviewing and checking up on notes. It so happened that New Year's night was the night I had arranged for Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lew to come for the evening meeting. He is the editor of the *New Life*, a young people's Christian monthly. He was to speak on home-reading and self-improvement, she on the effects of alcohol on the human organism. She is the national president of the W. C. T. U. and I never put on a program that does not include a temperance lesson. The set of five temperance charts prepared by Mrs. Lew and published by *New Life* adequately provides the material for just this sort of lesson. The economic waste caused by the manufacture and consumption of alcholic drinks receives its proper emphasis. These charts are only 60 sen per set (5 charts in the set) and may be ordered of *New Life*, 77 Seidaimon Dori, 1 Chome, Seoul, Korea.

Of course the plain clothes police were there at the front at every meeting taking notes, but only stopped us on New Year's day and that because it was a holiday.

Some of the local Japanese farmers were present at most of the meetings and seemed to enjoy them very much.

All the information, every talk was most practicable and helpful. The very high grade of work done by Mr. Kim Sang Kun, and Mr. Oh Chung Soo and others thrilled me through and through. The best of all is the responsive cord we struck in the hearts of our people. Mr. Lee Suk Won, our District Superintendent said: "If we can do this every year for about ten years our rural Christians will be in a position not only to support their pastor but to finance their own church program." We certainly expect to continue these Farmer's Institutes along the general line here indicated.

Our most pressing need now is seeds—sweet clover seeds white and yellow, pole beans and Kentucky-wonder are the best varieties. I



shall be delighted to exchange seeds with any one in the homeland. Oriental cabbage is very mild and delicious raw, a sort of cross between lettuce and celery. It is a delicious solution of the salad problem, and I will send seeds to any one in the homeland who will send me sweet clover seeds or Kentucky-wonder pole bean seed. I want to distribute them among my dear adopted people.

Mr. Lutz has provided a list of seeds which could easily be sent parcels post from the United States to Korea for distribution. For north of Seoul: white and yellow sweet clover, Kentucky wonder bean, annual sweet clover (Hubam), white clover (little Dutch clover), alfalfa, hairy vetch, alsike clover. For south of Seoul: crimson clover and velvet bean in addition to the above.

## The Dragons of Yuchumsa

(A Legend of the Diamond Mountains of Korea)

WILLIAM SCOTT

SOME WILL tell you that the dragons chose the Diamond Mountains because they were enchanted: the others say they had a share in their creation. No one doubts that here the dragons lived, two thousand years ago—an old, old dragon king, and eight true dragon knights, guarding their fairy kingdom. A wonderful kingdom it is, as anyone may know, who visits it today. Even grown-ups may learn its secret, but its doors are open wide to child-like minds, who go with eyes and ears wide open, and the heart of Peter Pan. They will whisper to you ever afterwards that they have been to fairy-land, and tell you of things that dreams are made of.

They know the secret of these mountain splendours. Dragon kings, they tell you, are very much like other kings:

*"They muster mighty armies, from earth and sea and sky.*

*To build them famous monuments, that their name may never die."*

The wind and the rain are set to work for them, the summer suns and the winter frosts are pressed into their service. Through the long, long years they do their tasks, crumpling the hills, and blasting the rocks, chiselling and polishing, so that, even to this day, we stand in awe before their handiwork. Grandly magnificent creations: castles in the air, ca-

thedrals grand, massive city walls, crowned with battlements, endless clusters of towering obelisks, triumphal arches, studded with crystal, beautiful and clear, and countless other splendours in which a dragon king delights. Here and there are works in lighter vein, as if these mighty workmen had, betimes, turned their hands to making play things for their masters, fashioning the rocks into a myriad shapes and forms. A gigantic rice bowl, upside down, waiting to be put to use in the dragon banqueting hall. A huge rock which stands on end moves at your touch, making you wonder if you might not chance upon some fairy workman round the corner, still engaged on some unfinished task. Huge stone shapes of flying eagles, barking dogs, tortoises, elephants, and a host of other fancies, only limited by the power of make-believe.

Nature lavished her gifts upon the dragon kingdom. Stately spruce and cedar, pointing skyward like thousands of dragon tails. Clear sparkling streams, wriggling their way round endless bends, between innumerable rocks, like a serpent bound for its lair. Ten thousand waterfalls, to set you dreaming and open your ears to songs from a distant land. Pools so still and dark, you wonder if the dragon king and his eight stout dragon knights might not be lurking in their



secret depths. For they tell you that they dwell there still, albeit their fortunes have vastly changed since those far-off days of long ago. High on a ledge of rock they show you eight dark dragon pools, and far below, one darker still, larger and deeper than the rest, into which the waterfall dashes unceasingly. Hither came the old dragon king, bruised and broken, and too exhausted to flee further. "Scale the waterfall, my Knights", he said to his bodyguard, "and forever hide your faces from the light of the sun in the dragon pools above, for the Buddhas are stronger than we, and we must yield them place." So there they dwell, giving their name to the Nine Dragon Falls. But neither you nor I, nor anyone has seen them to this day, for they are too ashamed to lift their heads above the pool's dark surface. Now this is the story of their defeat by the Buddhas.

Two thousand years ago a great good king of India, who loved the Buddha well, decided to send him to the peoples of the East. He ordered fifty-three images to be cast of purest gold, and placed in a stout boat, newly hewn from a mountain rock. He gave them in charge of three honest sailors, whom he commanded to sail to the eastern shores of China, and beyond.

After many moons they entered an harbour in the kingdom of Wul, now known as Annam, whose king received them with great honour. He planned a magnificent temple for the Buddhas, setting the finest workmen in the land to build it, nor spared gold or precious stones for its adornment. All was in readiness for the morrow, when the Buddhas should leave the stone boat and take their place of honour in the temple. That very night the king had a dream in which he saw the Buddha standing by his side, and heard these words. "Fear not, O king of Wul. I have seen your devotion to my cause, your zeal for my name. Great shall be your reward, for you shall be born again in an Eastern land and shall prepare a welcome for the Buddhas I am sending thither. Fail not to send them on their way in peace. You

shall understand hereafter." The king awoke next morning to find the temple burned to the ground, and great excitement prevailing among the people. The calm serenity of Buddha marked his demeanour, as he comforted his people and prepared them for a still greater loss. Next day, the land of Wul was shaken by a mighty grief, for a much loved king had passed in the night. But far away in the kingdom of Korea a happy people shared the joy of a country magistrate in the birth of a baby boy.

Fifteen years have passed, and the boy, matured and wise beyond his age, now occupies the prefect's office in the District of Kosung, in the Diamond Mountains. A strange light shimmering on the horizon, towards the sea, has disturbed the simple country folk, and the prefect sends a guard to learn its origin. The messenger fails to return. A second guard is sent out, but with no better result. The prefect then organizes a party of guards and accompanies them, in person, to investigate this strange occurrence. They find the two guardsmen watching, spell-bound, fifty-three odd-looking little old men sitting in imperturbable serenity before a gigantic checker board. It was then that the memory of his previous existence flashed on the prefect's mind. Now had come to pass the great event for which he had been born again: he was here to welcome the Buddhas to their new home in Korea. The three honest sailors had grown old on their long voyage, and when a storm broke upon them in the Korean Straits they were powerless to steer the boat. Finally it was driven on the rocks, far to the North, where you can see the stone boat to this day, keel upwards, near the shore. The Buddhas came ashore through the air, but the three sailors had to wade to land, lugging their ship's rope with the aid of which they scaled the steep rocks which skirt the shore. You can see the rope still, if you wish, a white stone rope, two inches thick, which runs unbroken from the shore, over the dome-like rock, and down to



the rocky wilderness beyond. You can see the checker board, too, if you visit the spot, where the Buddhas played their game. Aye, and you can see the sailors, all turned to stone, in perpetual remembrance of their faithfulness and devotion. One sits on "the boatman's rock," out at sea; another drowns the long years away in a niche on a sheer high cliff; and the third one stands on a peak in the mountains.

But we must hurry on in the trail of the prefect and his Buddhas. He has already fallen behind, for they travel fast through the air, leaving a trail of light to mark their track. The prefect hastens after them, and - horror of horrors! - he comes upon them perched on the elm trees which shade the pond in which the dragon king and his eight dragon henchmen have held their undisputed sway from time immemorial. In fear and trembling he awaits the issue. The dragon king sends out a herald who curtly demands an explanation of this intrusion. "Who are ye, and what your purpose here?" he demands. To which the Buddhas reply: "We are the Buddhas. We have chosen this fair spot to live in." "But this is our kingdom; this is the seat of our throne. It has been ours since time began," said the dragon. "Oh, well we know the truth of that", said the Buddhas, "but we have come to reign in your stead." "Ah, ha," laughed the dragon, "we'll see about that. No one shall oust us from our realm until he proves himself our better." "Well said," replied the Buddhas, "and in all fairness to your dragon majesty, since we are the intruders, you shall have the first chance. Now try your very worst." Thereupon the dragon king summoned all the powers of heaven and hell in one grand effort. The sun was swallowed up, the heavens belched fire, the earth shook, and legions of fiends came up upon the wind, shrieking their curses, licking the waters into a fury, and tearing the rocks and trees from their foundations. The nine dragons chuckl-

ed as they thought of these curious little men, fifty-three of them, and wondered how far they had been carried in the storm. But when the storm had passed and the waves had calmed enough for them to look forth from the placid surface of the pond which formed the windows of their palace, great was their fear, for there, on the upturned roots, sat the fifty-three Buddhas, as unperturbed as before.

It was now the Buddhas' turn. One of them wrote a few sacred words on a piece of bark and cast it into the pool. Immediately the water began to steam and then to boil. Hotter and hotter it became until the dragons could stand it no longer. Their scalded tails looked red in the sun, as they scuttled from the pond and sought the cool relief of the mountain stream. And to this day you can see the nine holes which they made in the cold rock as they wiggled and wriggled their reeking tails, burying them deeper and deeper in spiral fashion. But even this icy mountain stream and cold, cold rock soon became too hot for them, so they fled over the ridge to the Nine Dragon Falls.

Thus did the Buddhas show their power. From that day until this they rule supreme in the Diamond Mountains, and lest you should find it hard to credit all this tale, you can go to Yuchumsa, "The Temple of the Elm Trees," and see them still—the fifty-three Buddhas—sitting on the roots of an upturned tree. They occupy the temple built for them by the prefect, on the site of the ancient palace of the dragon king. And lest you think that this is nothing but a fairy tale of dragons and of golden Buddhas, they will show you if you wish, a statue of the good prefect, who once was king of the land of Wul. As for the dragons of Yuchumsa, as we said before, they live in the Nine Dragon Falls to this day, but they have never once raised their heads above water, or shown their scalded tails to the eye of man.



# Dr. M. U. Koh and Dr. Y. S. Lee

## An Appreciation

A. I. LUDLOW, M. D., D. Sc.

**I**T IS WITH PLEASURE that the writer accepts the invitation of the Editor of THE KOREA MISSION FIELD, to give a brief sketch of the two men associated with him in the surgical department of the Severance Union Medical College.

During the first ten years of my professional career in America and the past seventeen in Korea, it has been my good fortune to work with many men of sterling character and ability. Among these associates the two who have won a place in my heart, second to none, are Drs. Koh and Lee.

The interest in these surgeons, however, is more than a personal one, so we trust that the following account may be enjoyed by their many friends in America, as well as by those in Korea.

Dr. M. U. Koh was born in Haiju, Korea, on March 13, 1883. In early childhood he studied the Chinese characters and then entered the Presbyterian mission school in Fusan. He assisted in the mission hospital in the same place from 1896 to 1909. During the furlough of the mission doctor, in 1902, he worked for a year with the British and Foreign Bible Society of Seoul. During a second furlough period, he spent a year in Tokyo, studying Japanese. In 1910, he was one of a thousand applicants who took the examination for entrance to the first class of the Government Medical College in Seoul, ranking twenty-third in the examination. After a year and a half in the Government college he entered the Severance Union Medical College and graduated in 1913. He served as interne in Severance Hospital from 1913 to 1914. He was the first graduate to pass the Government Examination for License to Practice Medicine in Chosen, in August 1913.

From 1914 until 1920 he had charge of the medical work of the Suan Gold Mines and

while there organized a primary school and a small church among the Korean mine employees. He returned to Severance Union Medical College and Hospital in 1920. He was made a regular member of the faculty and was also elected as an elder in the South Gate Church, on the hospital compound. In September 1926, he went to America and after six months of study in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, entered the Long Island Hospital Medical College where he received his degree of M.D. in June 1928. This same year his eldest daughter graduated from the Ewha College (Department of Music) in Seoul, while his second daughter graduated from Doshisha College in Kyoto, Japan. She was the only Korean in the class of 138 and was the youngest member of the class.

Upon his return to Korea in July 1928, Dr. Koh again took up his work in the surgical department and has recently received his full qualifications from the Educational Department of the Government.

Dr. Y. S. Lee, was born in Pyengyang, Korea, on October 12, 1894. He completed two years work in the Pyengyang College and after graduating from the Severance Union Medical College in 1919, went to China where he served as a member of the Surgical Staff of the Peking Union Medical College. Upon the completion of his two and a half years service the surgeon in charge wrote thus of Dr. Lee: "He has been a consistently hard and conscientious worker with the interest of the patients and the service always at heart. He has taken responsibility well, has been quick to size up situations and act accordingly; he has been thoughtful and considerate in all his relations with patients, nurses and doctors; has mastered English so that he both speaks and writes extremely well; has developed be-



yond his opportunities and responsibilities; and has shown high ideals in his surgical work. I am pleased to have been associated with him so closely and consider you fortunate to have such a man working with you. We will always be glad to receive any Koreans of Lee's type whom you may see fit to send us for work."

In the following two years, spent in the surgical service at Severance Hospital, Dr. Lee more than fulfilled every word of the above recommendation. Like Dr. Koh, he also was elected an elder of the South Gate Church shortly after joining our staff. He went to America in September 1924, entering the senior class of Northwestern University Medical School and graduating the following June. Through his own effort he secured an internship in the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled in New York City, where he had a year of good training in Orthopedic Surgery.

The two years of study abroad having been utilized to such good advantage, Dr. Lee returned to Korea in October 1926 and again took up his work on the surgical staff of the Severance Union Medical College, this time as a full member of the faculty. In June 1927 he received his qualifications as a teacher from the Educational Department of the Government. Words are inadequate to express

my appreciation of the way in which Dr. Lee carried on the work of the surgical department during the period of June 1927 to June 1928, when both Dr. Koh and myself were in America.

Before sending Drs. Koh and Lee to America, we were convinced that they both had the character and ability necessary for those who we hoped would become leaders of the surgical profession in Korea. There are many evidences of the fulfillment of this hope, for here are two men, of attractive personality, elders in the same church, able to read and converse in Japanese, Chinese and English, in addition to their own language; graduates, not only of Severance but also 'class A,' American Medical Colleges, qualified as teachers by the Government, and surgeons who have performed most of the operations of general surgery.

Looking back seventeen years to conditions upon my arrival in Korea, it is hard to realize the great progress which has been made in surgery, in such a comparatively short time, and it gives us a great thrill to know that we now have Koreans, such as Dr. M. U. Koh and Dr. Y. S. Lee, who can take their place side by side with the best surgeons of other countries.

## Seoul Station Brevities

An as yet anonymous donor has made a gift of ₩ 10,000.00 to the Severance Union Medical College for the purpose of developing its program for the relief of tuberculosis.

Dr. Kim Myung Sun, who has been assisting in the Department of Physiology and Biochemistry, has left for a course of study in Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, his support having been secured by Dr. VanBuskirk.

Mr. John T. Underwood has made an additional gift of \$ 10,000.00 towards the endowment funds of the Chosen Christian College. This with the recent gift from the executors of the Hall Estate brings the total of endowment to at least \$ 405,000.00.

An extension has been built to the retail store at Severance which will house the Optical grinding shop. The Optical Sales room will occupy part of the present

retail store.

The X-Ray Clinic will be moved to the space formerly assigned to the Optical Department. The X-Ray diagnostic apparatus has been completely modernized, thanks to a special gift for that purpose from Mr. J. L. Severance and Mrs. F. F. Prentiss. The new equipment also includes a diathermy outfit, a gift from Dr. McLaren.

Friends of the Chosen Christian College will be interested to learn that the \$ 200,000.00, offered by the trustees of the Hall Estate to the Endowment Fund of the College, has at length been paid over to the Co-operating Board for Christian Education in Chosen, Inc., in New York. As this is a contribution toward endowment, only the income can be used from year to year for the budget of the College.



# 1928 at Mount Chiri

MRS. R. K. SMITH

**T**HE SEVENTH SEASON at Camp C. E. Graham—so this was the PERFECT season. Other seasons have had their drawbacks. Uncertainty about the validity of the lease made the erection of permanent houses inadvisable the first year, so, when the winds blew and the rains descended and beat upon houses not bound with sand and cement mortar, the mud melted and the rocks were in a sorry heap. Another year the rains, mists and fog were nearly constant for a month. There has been serious illness. But now the camp site is assured by the Imperial University of Tokyo which holds all the range as a grant. All the houses are now being built of stone bound with good mortar, pockets of disintegrated granite having been unearthed on the site to take the place of the sand which was prohibitive by reason of the enormous price of portage from the river miles away. The drought, so hard on the farmers in the valleys, gave us a summer with evenings rivalling Sorai's sunset glories, days so clear and crisp one tingled for fresh peaks to scale, and mornings with their blankets of sun-kist mist tumbling around the valleys below, to rise and melt away or drift up through the camp with soft enveloping grey-ness; no serious illnesses and but one accident, that would have happened on any tennis court, bade us pause.

1924 saw fifty-five campers here: with spring and fall visitors this year will cross the hundred line if the "Big Game Hunt" materializes, there having been about eighty-five summer campers. Thirty were from the Northern Methodist and Presbyterian Missions (supposedly confirmed Soraites) and the Australian Mission, so our southern friends are to be congratulated on the establishment of such a hospitable camp at so central a place that it is as accessible to the two Kyengsang Provinces as to the two Chullas. From every

side except, of course, where Sam Pong and all his peaked children dwell, auto roads lead in through Kyurei, the magistracy in the valley, to the monastery at the foot of the mountain but six miles from camp. From the minute one leaves the temple on foot or in a "jiggy" chair or two-man sedan, the rushing world is left behind and even though panting lungs and unaccustomed muscles did not cry out for bits of rest on the rocky steep, one would fain linger to gaze out through some chance leafy window at the receding world below. It is a hard climb from 600 to 4,000 feet altitude in three hours or so but not impossible for any ordinarily strong, well-shod person. One can even make it in a downpour of rain, as the rocks have been relaid in the more difficult places this year. Good shoes that grip are a prime essential for this and all other climbs and hikes over the camp trails.

There are eighteen stone houses, the largest twenty-five feet square. Each has its recessed fireplace for oak logs. Four or five dollars will buy a cord of oak and the fires are most welcome, as three wool blankets are needed nights. One house is built of oak slabs and another is being built of oak logs, a glorified log cabin; all have iron roofs tinted in rainbow colors. The cut stone auditorium with its beautiful fireplace of gleaming quartz was the pride and joy of the camp for, beside the church services and ordinary events of the week, several fine concerts and special teas were held there. The concert of the Australians and the cantata, "God's Plan of Salvation for the World", were as good as we have heard at any Chautauqua. Sunset Terrace was used for vesper services and for a tea given by Mrs. Crane at which she and Dr. Smith lectured on some of the three hundred or more flowers that grace Mount Chiri. A collection of one hundred and eighty was made in five weeks and there were nearly



fifty more specimens in the tree and shrub collection. Birds, too, were a source of much interest and pleasure, the woods all around being filled with their music.

That means hikes—many of them—and they are here in abundant variety, all over well cut trails, for one might get lost in the depths of the forests or stumble in the holes made by the wild boar searching for edible roots. One bright morning in one little patch of mud on Sunset Peak the tracks of boar, deer and leopard were seen. One boy saw a baby boar just below Lion's Head and one regular camper said he had seen a mother and as many as six babies up on the ridge by the Beacon. Last winter a tiger killed a deer under a pine which now shelters the log cabin, and bears come in large numbers for the bursting acorns. Snakes are present, too, and lesser things, so one has a chance of "seein' things at night"!

Gurgling brooks, fed by a multitude of springs, are on every hand. One was loathe to stir from one's own dooryard, for the views were fine from any one of the houses, but a hike to the top of the ridge above and back of the camp revealed the whole of that of which we had been seeing but a quarter, for the camp is in a circular amphitheater almost at the top of the last mountain in the range with one spur, Sunset Peak, dividing the view westward into the Kyurei valley and the Namwun valley scenes. Away to the westward sixty miles Mootung Mountain, never excelled, rears its shaggy grey head high over the other hills encircling Kwangju, "City of Light." Always on a clear night we could see the lights of Namwun town, and once we saw the gleam of the signal fire built by the Newlands on the top of Moodie. But almost every evening we saw the flaming 'Sword of the Lord' with its flashes of iridescent hues playing over the sky. The loveliest pastel shades lurked on the other side of Sunset and often a particularly flaming streamer seemed to set a jutting crag on fire. Several times a purple velvet pall seemed bent on covering the sun, but that ball of molten gold slipped through in

part and our last glimpse of him was a gleam of one blazing eye, a defiant wink as it were.

Never did we tire of the earth and sea and sky. Sea? Yes: for from Beacon Rock or any high point above the camp we could see the blue sea south of Soonchun with emerald isles nestling on its quiet bosom or a bit of blue up Kunsan way. But always there was the tossing sea of green, towering billows with deep purple shadows, and jutting crag or gleaming quartz or swathings of mist making whitecaps here and there. Sam Pong towers 6,300 feet above, not far as eagles fly from our Beacon, but it would take a hardy hiker to make the forty miles to the summit. But a twin peak in the foreground, reached by a dip into the woods over the Flowery Trail and up over wind-swept ridges to The Spring, then a sharp climb of half an hour, was an objective beyond but a few of the summer's campers. A trip to The Mushroom Gatherers revealed many woodland beauties, one a moss grown stream bed with only a glint of water in the crevasses—just a stream of moss and tiny ferns. Sixteen ferns were found on this trip, and on the return over the Flowery Trail the first of the purple monkshood was added reward for a toilsome search for the faint trail connecting the two main trails.

Between hikes there are tennis and an occasional dip in an icy pool away down below camp where the iris bloom; picnics and teas on hilltop or in deep gully add spice to the routine of satisfying particularly keen appetites, while long uninterrupted mornings are just the thing needed when tackling nature study, Chinese character study or wood chopping. More than one cord of huge oak boles were made ready for fireplace or kitchen stove by hands that blistered at the sudden change from surgeon's delicate tools or student's pen to a heavy Korean axe with roughhewn handle. But they soon took up the task with zest, for this is Chiri glory—the invigorating mountain air makes work and more work a delight. All honor to the men who conceived the camp and, with



long years of laborious arguing, won over the Mission to the attempt to find the camp of their dreams and make it ready. All honor to the woman who gave of her wealth to establish Camp C. E. Graham as a memorial to her husband when the missionaries had found

this ideal spot and needed funds to carry out their plans. This camp is a worthy rival of Dr. Underwood's realized dream of Sorai Beach as a rejuvenator of worn-out missionaries, and Wonsan Beach on the eastern coast, one of Korea's three summer resorts.

## A Vision Realized

MISS LULA A. MILLER

**"I** T IS ONLY THE WOMEN whose eyes have been washed clear with tears who get the broad vision that makes them little sisters to all the world."

It was just after the close of the Civil War when the churches were filled with women mourning the loss of their loved ones that their eyes were washed clear with tears and that they caught a vision of their little sisters in the Orient who were carrying burdens heavier than their own with no knowledge of the great Comforter. This resulted in the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From the beginning there were obstacles in the way of this new child of the Church but because of them and in spite of them it grew and flourished until today it has more than 700 representatives working among their sisters in these Eastern lands.

There came a time when among the Christian women of Korea there were those whose eyes had been washed clear with the tears of sorrow. Their hearts became tender and they like their American sisters caught a vision of the need of Christ in the lives of the women of the Orient. Some felt that they had witnessed faithfully to their own people, but that witnessing "Unto the uttermost part of the earth" was a command which they had not obeyed. This sentiment grew until the members of the Annual Conference of 1924 felt the time to be ripe for the women of the Methodist Church in Korea to organize themselves into a Home and Foreign Missionary Society. This new child also has had its discouragements; but because of them and in spite of them it too

has grown and flourished until to-day it has 2,324 members, the dues from whom support two Korean Bible women in Manchuria and a native Indian teacher in India.

Each year the study books, programs and maps are prepared for the societies so that no woman long a member of the Society can remain ignorant of world conditions.

How do they pay their yearly dues? A short time ago I was the guest of a very fine but poor Christian lady. Outside the court was a pig-pen in which were two fat pigs. "These," she said, "are missionary society pigs. One belongs to our fine class-leader and one is mine. This fall we will sell them." A little later in the day I saw three large white chickens and was told that they were missionary society chickens. The day before leaving that village my hostess told me that one of those chickens she was going to give me, but fearing I might be unable to digest a missionary chicken it still roams the hillside seemingly quite conscious of its calling. There is nothing honorable that these women will not do in order to earn money for their dues. They sell oysters, clams, crabs, bean-sprouts, water dippers made of gourds raised in their gardens, bean curd, baskets which they have woven, cocoons from silk worms which they have reared and sometimes a particularly fine husband gives the ₩ 1.20 for the entire year.

On account of famine in some sections there may be a drop in receipts this year, but we believe there will be greater effort put forth and much more prayer offered than in the years of plenty.



# At the Soonchun Leper Colony

MRS. B. W. BILLINGS

**D**O YOU FEEL as though the world is treating you rough? Have you a chip on your shoulder? Come along with me. We are driving over the fine roads of South-west Korea, with beautiful mountains on every side, on the way to the Soonchun Leper Colony.

Just think, since I came to Korea, only twenty years ago, Dr. Wilson has built up this splendid work for these poor folks. I am glad he was one of the four missionaries to Korea especially honored at the time of the coronation; he certainly deserved to be.

What one man can do if he really lets God use him! What about the rest of us sitting around and feeling abused instead of getting out and pushing, and being a blessing to others and a glory to God? "Bogs"—too many of us. I remember when I first heard Charles Alexander tell about the two old saints who sat in the best pews all through the special meetings. The preacher, who had been imported for the occasion, was impressed with their piety,—always on time and in the same place—so he asked, "who are they?" "Bogs," replied the preacher who really knew them. Are we any of us "Bogs" or are we helping others to the radiant life? As I looked into the eyes of those poor folks so terribly scarred by their physical condition, and saw their faces shine with a light that illumined and really changed their hideousness into the glory light, I wondered if I was worthy to speak to them.

The Korean preacher had just spoken on the text, "Set not your hearts on things below but on things above." You say that would be easy for them, but you have never seen the Soonchun leper colony—a peninsula extending into the most beautiful turquoise blue sea, with little islands in all sorts of shapes all about, and the mountains on the mainland surrounding it—a veritable spot of paradise.

Dr. Wilson has "made a nickle go a long way" by having the lepers themselves build their houses—such pretty little cottages of stone taken from their own grounds, with four rooms, accommodating twenty-four lepers, in each.

We went to visit Anna and her "limousine" made of cowhide. Poor soul! No hands or feet, only stumps, yet she pulled herself along on this bit of cowhide! Her face dripping with perspiration, for it was a hot day and there were no trees in front of the cottages as yet, brightened as she thanked Mrs. Wilson for an apple. By the way, Dr. Wilson didn't say so, but I am sure they would all rise up and call you blessed, if you sent the money to buy a few trees to keep that hot sun from cooking them. I knew we couldn't stand it long and soon moved on to a building which looked much like an automobile garage, but from which music was ringing out all over the compound. We walked up an inclined plane to the upper story under a corrugated iron roof, and found about twenty little girls trying to play the one baby organ. They were so quick to learn the chorus of "I am a stranger here, heaven is my home," which I had sung to them at the church service.

After church I met three of the seven elders who had been sitting on the front bench. Old Elder Kim is nearly blind. Eighteen years ago he came to the colony. His face is all twisted and scarred, but he knows the hearts of the people and manages them like a Christian general. Even among the children there is no fighting, all is peace and harmony.

Since the beginning of the colony thirty-two deacons have been ordained, but some have left the colony as the disease had been caught in time and they were pronounced cured. Ten of these men are lepers in body but not in soul. How happy they looked! You know I couldn't help but think how much to be pre-



ferred their lot was to the leprous parasites, who parade as proper members of society, while these folks, really much more acceptable to God are labeled "Unclean." God help us to make them as happy as possible until the Father calls them. It is surprising, too, how little makes them radiant. Have you had a share in making their pilgrimage here a little more comfortable? Will you have the joy of saying, "I helped Pak Kuk Suni?" You remember how, after he had become a Christian he left the mission leper asylum for the

government one where there were no Christians, and within a year led 137 out of the 200 lepers there to Christ. And when he was soon to leave this life, he came back to the Christian asylum, where Christ had first entered his life, there to spend his last days. Now the old gentleman, his father, who wouldn't believe his son could be a leper, has the curse in his own body. "Now Naaman was a good man and honorable; *but* he was a leper."

## Christianity in Korea

SADAO IMADA

**R**ECENTLY I have had a chance to visit such cities as Pyengyang, Syen-chun and Songdo. I visited many villages and towns on that little trip, but I retained these names because they are places where Christianity is successful in developing character and many missionary works are being carried on.

Among them, Syen-chun, a town near the border is moderate in size, but, I am told, it is strikingly a Christian town; and is producing people of high intelligence.

In Pyeng-yang I encountered a funeral procession on the street; the people were singing hymns, led by a flag of the Cross. Many women came first in two rows following the casket, then men. But the gentlemen did not follow the example of the ladies. They seemed to dislike to be shaped into the form of the procession. They were walking in any manner and way that they liked.

I do not mean to be too critical, but I could not help thinking that the Korean woman is better trained than the Korean man, as practically she seems more industrious than the opposite sex.

The activities of the missionaries in Korea are well known at present as in the past; and I am least qualified to make any observation on the address of Mr. Zumoto, a veteran

journalist of Japan, at the Washington University last summer. Its chief theme was a criticism of the activities of the missionaries in Korea and China in relation to politics.

But I would like to say frankly what I think, that the missionary is needed everywhere as much as ever and very decidedly so, as a body to keep the human world on a higher, more ideal plane. Nowadays science and human weakness are combining to make man still more aggressive.

I did not hesitate a moment to give rise to a feeling of respect, when I saw in these cities a respectable community of the missionary workers and by the quiet roads and farms, towers of chapels so impressively rising to the sky above the sombre and dingy roofs of dwellings, and schools and hospitals in prominent positions. Ali seemed to me a plant for manufacturing a new crop of men.

I could not help but hope that their work will be successful, and out of this manufacturing process there will be turned out men and women of real excellent quality, not merely superficially polished, sentimental dreamers nor hysterical radicals, but sane, industrious, efficient men and women, constructive in character, awakened to the life of the age, because such men and women are most needed in the Korea of today.



# A Soul Saved

LION K. JUNG

ONE MORNING a year ago last summer, I was requested by a doctor of the Medical Section to examine a patient by X-Ray for suspected intestinal cancer. The patient, a Mr. Kim of this city, was accompanied by his old mother and a young son whose admirable filial affection to his sick father was manifested in every way.

The case was examined and it was found he had inoperable carcinoma of the colon and he could not live very long. It had been our rule that in such cases we tried to keep the patients from knowing the true diagnosis, and sometimes even the patients' relatives and friends, because, in our past experiences, it created unpleasant incidents which were very harmful to the patients. But this time we were forced to tell the true condition of the patient.

Next morning the Kim family returned to my office. The young son, in a fearful rage, tried to demolish our X-Ray apparatus saying that because of the X-Ray examination his beloved father was going to die. And while the old mother was dropping on the floor in hysterical sobs, the patient stood in the doorway in a horrible fear of death. His face pale and anxious, his limbs trembling like leaves, his mouth quivering, he implored, "Save me from death—save me from death!" I told him that I could not save him, but he could save himself in believing Jesus Christ.

One afternoon a few months later, Mr. Kim's mother came back alone to my office. She told me her son became worse every day. She said, "For many days and nights he never went to sleep in fear of death. When he heard the wind or some strange sound, he shouted for help in fear of death. He was afraid of his own shadow. He thought it was some ghost come to take his life away

from him. He was utterly hopeless and helpless physically and mentally, and he was afraid to die. Literally he was sinking, sinking gradually day by day into a horrible abyss without hope and faith, but in constant fear of mortal death." With tearful eyes the old lady continued; "I took my son to the various hospitals in the city, and they gave the same information that you gave, except for one thing, and that was that they did not say he could save himself in believing Jesus Christ."

With a hopeful smile she asked me what I meant when I told her son that Jesus could save him. After a little talk and prayer, I gave her a copy of the New Testament and advised what to do for her son. A month later one evening I went to her house at her urgent request and found a great change had taken place in herself. Instead of being a bereft, old woman, she had become an angel-mother full of hope and faith.

We talked for a while before we entered her son's bedroom. With a brave smile she told me how wonderful changes had taken place in her son during the last month. He had been resting quietly and listening hopefully while at his bedside she was reading the Testament and praying for him every day. And finally, with tears running over her wrinkled cheeks, she told me her son had been very low all that day.

When I entered the room with the old lady, her son, too weak to move, stared at me for a fleeting moment, his pale lips moving, and his gaunt fingers pointed to the Bible at his side. His mother understandingly placed the Bible in his unsteady hands. He laid the precious book over his heart, holding his mother's hand in his, and with a peaceful smile, he closed his eyes.



# Rev. Allen Ford DeCamp

HUGH MILLER

**T**HE WORLD IS POORER because our late Editor and Pastor of the Seoul Union Church is gone. He died on December 27, after a five days' illness, at Boonton N. J.

Mr. DeCamp was born at Charlottesville, N. J. on February 9, 1848 and was therefore almost 81 years of age when he passed away. He graduated from Williams College in 1871 and from Union Theological Seminary in 1874. He served several Churches in the home land, and it was characteristic of him that after he had served more than one large church and his reputation as a preacher had been established he moved to the west and served small churches.

In 1907 he was married to Miss Alice Giles, (having been married twice before) whom he and his second wife had supported as a missionary in India. In 1910 they with two children that had been born to them arrived in Korea as self-supporting missionaries and became affiliated members of the Northern Presbyterian Mission.

Arriving on the field at the age of 62 he did not expect to be able to acquire the Korean language but hoped to be able to do some work in English. For some time he taught English in two or three of the city schools but more congenial work came to him when he was elected editor of the KOREA MISSION FIELD and pastor of the UNION CHURCH, both of which are honorary positions.

Mr. DeCamp did not write much for the magazine himself but he did what was perhaps harder, he got other people to write. The K. M. F. got a goodly share of his time and with the active co-operation of the business manager it was not long until the magazine became one of the best edited and most attractive of all the mission magazines published on mission fields.

His most congenial work, however, was as

pastor of the Union Church. For this position he was peculiarly fitted. He had great breadth of sympathy and before coming to Korea had served a Congregational Church in Massachusetts as well as several Presbyterian churches and he was most tolerant of other peoples' opinions.

Very truly his pulpit was his throne and at times he rose to great heights in it. His preaching was spiritual and one could not listen to him without being impressed with the ease by which he would quote long passages of Scripture, and poetry. Some one asked him what method he used in memorizing Scripture? He replied that he had no particular method and made no special effort to memorize it but that in reading it over many times it just stuck. His mind was ever open and he was a learner to the end. As already indicated the congregation pays no stipend but on two occasions gave monetary expression to its appreciation of his devoted services.

Our first impression of Mr. DeCamp was that he was a great lover of children. The first sermon I heard him preach was from the text:—"And a little child shall lead them." I remember well our first Sunday night with him when he held the children willing captives around him telling them stories. He was peculiarly proud of his children, all of which were by his last marriage.

His seventeen years among us were years of devoted, unselfish service, and of him the words of the Greek writer can be most truly said: "He cared not to seem but to be the best."

The sympathy of the community and of all the mission stations throughout the country goes out to the four children who are left (Eleanor, the second child, died on April 8, 1928.) and to Mrs. DeCamp who continues in poor health.



# Kangkei Hospital's Evangelist

MISS ANNA L. REIST

ONE OF THE MOST interesting and helpful parts of my work, is the one hour weekly which I have set apart to have an interview with our dear old Presbyterian Evangelist, Kim Taik Po, who is truly filled with the power and zeal of the Holy Spirit, and is doing a remarkable piece of evangelistic work here in the hospital. His ever-radiant, never-tiring personality has been an inspiration to me ever since I came, and I was determined to know more about his life and his work, so I have him come to my office so he can tell me the fine points in detail. Elder Kim seems delighted to tell about his own wonderful conversion, and about the many other men and women whom he has won to Christ, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit. How I wish that I had time to tell you of the many conversions, as I heard about them from his lips. All of this took place right here in the hospital and proves that the "Healing Christ" is walking in our midst, unseen but not unknown, touching and healing scores and hundreds of men, women and little children, not only of their physical diseases, but also of their spiritual diseases.

He told me of many cases where whole families were won to Christ, just by one patient who heard the Word preached while sick in bed in the hospital, and who became truly converted, and went home to tell the "Good News" to his family and friends who in turn became converted.

This is Elder Kim's story of his own conversion. His parents were unbelievers, and he led a very wicked life until he was won to Christ at thirty years of age. He told me that he was a drunkard and that as soon as he would become sober from the former debauch he would drink heavily again. He told how deeply he had fallen into sin, and how he was

drunk for forty days, most of the time at least. He told how none of his friends or neighbors knew or had even heard of Jesus, except Lee Ki Soon, who was a Christian outside of South-Gate in this city. Elder Kim said he can never forget the very first words of the Bible which he ever heard. They were Jesus' own words, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life". These are the words which Lee Ki Soon read and explained to him. Lee Ki Soon took two tobacco pipes and said as he pointed with them that each was a road, one leading to paradise and eternal joy, and the other leading to punishment and eternal sorrow. Elder Kim said then and there he decided to take the Jesus way, (and surely he has been travelling it very faithfully ever since). He also said that he felt that God had sent this friend to warn him about the sinful road he was travelling. Then he told of the ridicule and persecutions he received from his former companions when he took his stand for Christ; but he also said in a very joyful and triumphant manner that most of his former sinful friends are now his Christian friends. Elder Kim was so truly converted that he sold his house for Yen 22.00, and gathered Yen 47.00 from friends and started a little church, which has since been enlarged and rebuilt several times.

Kim Sun Too, Pastor of Sin Am Ni church was Elder Kim's best friend and first convert. All of Elder Kim's family have since been converted, and scores and hundreds of patients in the hospital here have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus and His saving power, and have accepted Him as their Saviour, because of this one man's earnest and faithful testimony of the power of Christ to change the lives of sinful men and women into lives of radiant beauty and usefulness.



## The Songdo Textile Company Ltd.

L. H. SNYDER

The whistles blow, the machines hum and the people are again at work. What is more to the point, Korea Mission Cloth, now sold under the trade name, Korea Cloth, is again being manufactured.

When our Bishop Ainsworth was in Korea last fall he told us that as the textile mill had grown into a business and as such was out of the domain of our Board of Missions, we had to sell the plant, land, building, machinery, stock and good will, and give the Songdo business men the refusal.

A group of five men, leading business men of Songdo, made us an offer which was accepted. This group organized a company and offered to the people an opportunity to purchase shares of stock, 4,000 shares of stock par value ₩ 50 per share. With one exception the stock was entirely subscribed for by Koreans. Teachers, merchants, business and professional men and many of the employees—177 stock holders, now compose the company, operating under the name of The Songdo Textile Company Ltd.

The president of the company, is the president of the Songdo Electric Light & Power Co.; the general manager, a successful contractor, is one of the leading laymen of our church; the superintendent grew up with our mill; the head weaver helped make our first hand looms and was connected with the work from its very inception. These and many of our former employees are again at work. One radical change will be made, viz., no student labor will be used, only experienced workmen. The plant is now operated on a business basis and the new firm will maintain the standard and produce a high quality of cloth and render service and value to its customers. In a word the Koreans of Songdo are carrying on by themselves a factory operating and using modern machinery and thus helping their economic condition and offer an opportunity to several hundred people to work.

Already orders have been received which indicate a bright future for the new company.

## Our Contributors this month

Rev. Wm. Scott, 1914, principal of Hamheung Academy of United Church of Canada Mission.

Mrs. R. K. Smith, 1911, Northern Presbyterian Mission, wife of Mission Doctor in Chairyung.

Rev. Lloyd P. Henderson, 1920, Northern Presbyterian Mission, stationed at Hinking for work among Koreans in Manchuria.

Mrs. B. W. Billings 1908, Methodist Episcopal Mission, leader in temperance work, wife of professor in Chosen Christian College, Seoul.

A. I. Ludlow, M. D., D. Sc., 1911, Northern Presbyterian Mission, Department of surgery in Severance Union Medical College, world authority on liver abscesses.

Mr. Sadao Imada, Japanese observer of Christianity in Korea, resident in Seoul.

Miss Lula A. Miller, 1901, Methodist Episcopal Mission, resident in Chemulpo, editor of mission study books in Korean.

Mr. Lion K. Jung, head of X-ray department of Severance Union Medical College in Seoul.

Mrs. W. J. Anderson, 1917, Northern Presbyterian Mission, a leader in young people's work in Seoul.

Miss Cordelia Erwin, 1905, Methodist Episcopal Mission, South, in Chulwon, a leader in social service work.

Rev. D. Willard Lyon, D. D. Secretary in the Far East of the Foreign Committee of the National Councils of the Y. M. C. A.'s of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Hugh Miller, 1899, Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Seoul.

Miss Anna L. Reist, 1926, Northern Presbyterian Mission, nurse in Pyengyang Union Christian Hospital.

## Notes and Personals

### United Church of Canada Mission

#### *Returned*

Miss Maude Mackinnon, Wonsan, after an absence of nine years, three of which were spent in S. Africa as a Y. W. C. A. Secretary.

### Northern Presbyterian Mission

#### *Birth*

To Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Hamilton, a son, David Eugene, on January 21st.

### Northern Methodist Mission

#### *Birth*

To Rev. and Mrs. F. E. C. Williams, a son, Robert Leroy, on February 6th.

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